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JOHN BULL

SATURDAY, MARCH 8, 1913.

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Edited by HORATIO BOTTOMLEY

LABOUR'S ONLY WAY

BY
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY

ENGLAND

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JOHN BULL

The Paper on which the Sun Never Sets.

*Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.*

Vol. XXIII. No. 814.

Week ending Saturday, March 9th, 1918.

One Penny.

"THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE—KAISER."

[The Editor discourages upon passing events and topics of the day.]

Next Week.

Please read what we have to say in the next column. It concerns you—and us.

March 23rd.

And please note that this is the date of the monster demonstration of discharged soldiers and sailors at the Albert Hall—when we shall have the pleasure of personally emphasising our pledge to Tommy and Jack. It happens also to be the date of our entrance into the world—but let that pass.

"If You See It—!"

Do you remember that article of ours, a few months ago, "Now then, Japan"? Look it up.

"Shot at Dawn."

So "the papers have been placed before the Law Officers with a view to a prosecution," have they? At any rate, that is what M.P.s, concerned at our revelations, are being told. Well, we haven't much doing in the law at the moment.

Afraid of the Banks—

Mr. Bonar Law, at the Albion Club the other day, in reviewing the various methods of raising money for the State, stied at the idea of commandeering the millions of unclaimed money and securities in the hands of the Banks. What is he afraid of?

And of the Goody-Goodies.

In the same way, he made no mention of the hundreds of millions a year which would be raked in by means of Premium Bonds. Hang Messrs. Chadband and Stiggins!

Our Scheme.

By the way, the scheme we recently published for the formation of Saving-Certificate or War-Loan Clubs, with the pooling of a portion of the interest, and periodical draws for prizes, has thoroughly caught on; and we are about to give the Government an object-lesson in this neglected Eldorado. Readers who are interested should send us their names.

We Blush.

This from a distinguished Officer: "You enjoy the distinction of being the best-hated man in Germany to-day." Such a compliment embarrasses us!

A Rector's Request.

"I wonder," says the Rector of Ryburgh, Takenham, "whether you are printing your recent article, 'Fire, Flame and Fury,' in pamphlet form. I should like to send a copy out with my Parish Magazine." But we feel sure that all our reverend friend's parishioners will have read the article already.

TO OUR READERS.

CHANGE IN PRICE.

After the present issue, the price of JOHN BULL will be 2d.

We have decided upon this step with great reluctance, having fought against WAR CONDITIONS to the last possible moment. During the year 1917—and notwithstanding the fact that the Journal was reduced in size (owing to paper shortage)—our paper bill, due to increased cost, exceeded that of the previous year by

£88,933 : 11 : 4

with the result that for a long time past every copy has been

SOLD AT A LOSS.

We are, therefore, compelled to follow the example of our contemporaries, pending further notice. The fact is that the war has revolutionised all Peace Price standards. The Penny has ceased to be the popular unit. Every article of daily necessity and consumption, every amusement, every luxury, has undergone its increase in price; and it will be readily understood that, from the commercial standpoint, it is quite impossible for the proprietary of this Journal to continue indefinitely to bear the loss on the sale of each of practically

2,000,000 COPIES.

As regards the effect of the change upon our circulation, we believe the experience of our contemporaries is that the increase of price has meant a decrease in sales of

25 PER CENT.

and should the result be the same in our own case, that would mean that we should still have the remarkable circulation of nearly

ONE AND A HALF MILLION copies—to rise again—perhaps to 3,000,000

"when the boys come home." Now we ask every reader to stand by us during this time of stress; and to help us to establish a record by keeping up the

2,000,000.

Until further notice—therefore, 2d.

is the price of our Paper—and yours.

What Odds—

Against Lloyd George coming out, at the next Election, as leader of the Unionist Party? Sounds funny, doesn't it?

Watch Italy!

Yes, yet another country to be watched. We are backing Venice against Vienna in the Falling Stakes.

A Silly Story.

What is this silly story, told by the Daily News, about Privates not being allowed to ride inside buses? What's the game?

"Economy Campaign."

Will Mr. Clynes kindly tell us the exact cost of those millions of ridiculous anchor Yapp badges—and what he is doing about the huge stock still at Grosvenor House?

A Word with Lord D'Abernon—

Why doesn't the Liquor Control Board follow the excellent example of Lord Rhondda, in regard to food, by issuing permits to soldiers and sailors on leave to obtain refreshment at any time?

And Another.

And what on earth is the meaning of that pamphlet on the evils of alcohol, just issued by the Control Board—at the expense of the State? Is the Board, after all, coming out in its true colours—not as a war emergency body, but as a "Temperance" organisation?

Take It Down!

Passing the premises of a well-known firm of coach-builders in St. James' Street, the other day, this notice caught our eye: "Coach-builders to H.I.M. the Emperor of Russia, the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, the Empress Frederick," and other Royalties. That notice, like the Kaiser's banner at St. George's Chapel, must come down.

Mixed Marriages.

We trust that the revelations in the recent case of Mir Anwaruddin and ourselves will act as a warning to young English girls against contracting alliances with native Indians, without first making themselves thoroughly acquainted with the marriage laws of the religions to which their husbands belong. Speaking generally, these mixed marriages rarely prove satisfactory.

A Disgrace to the Bar.

As regards the man himself, all the papers are being placed before the Public Prosecutor; whilst it will be remembered that Mr. Justice Darling expressed his intention of reporting the matter to the Benchers.

Mr. Asquith.

Many readers are apparently wondering whether, because of our recent reference to the manner in which Mr. Asquith is steadily regaining his mastery over the House of Commons, we have modified the opinions we expressed regarding his conduct of the War whilst he was Prime Minister. The answer is in the negative.

Ni l'un, ni l'autre.

According to a Special Inquiry instituted by Lord D'Abernon's Uncontrolled Waterworks Board, whisky is not food. What, then, is it? It certainly is not drink.

Exercise for Huns.

On the early morning workman's train at Brighton are five empty compartments, locked, while working men and women struggle on the platform for seats. At Portslade the German prisoners from Brookers Hall take those vacant seats, and are carried to work at Shoreham. As exercise is good for us, it must be good for Huns—so why not let those gentle Germans walk the distance? It is only three miles. To grant them reserved seats while our people get none is tragic blundering.

Staining his Khaki.

A Royal Flying Corps motor-lorry flew to such an extent at Deptford the other day that it ran over the child of Private W. R. Donley, of the Essex Regiment. The driver declined to lift the child into the lorry because, he said, "It will bloody my khaki." The officers of the R.F.C. were kind enough to subscribe £5 to the £7 funeral expenses. JOHN BULL paid the difference.

The Enemy-Lover.

The Rev. S. W. Hughes, of Westbourne Park, has been holding forth at Yeovil, stressing his idea that our duty is to love our enemies. It is his considered opinion that "we are not going to save Europe by substituting JOHN BULL's ethics for the ethics of Christianity." When the rev. gentleman has read us a little more regularly, he will not need to talk of "substitution." We are not ashamed of our ethics, but are rather despairful of his logic.

Crusty.

"Can you," queries a man of Norwood, "put in a word for those unfortunate ones who, compelled to seek shops and places where they feed, are now charged therein one penny for 1½ ounces of bread, or at the rate of 1s. 9d. for the 2 lb. loaf"? If space permitted, we would put in a thousand words; it doesn't, hence we hereby remark this only—that it is an ill-bred proceeding. It is also so lacking in religion and morals that we don't know how the restaurateurs complained of have the face to go to church on Sundays. We don't believe they do either.

Consumers.

As a rule, we don't make ourselves over busy in handing out testimonials; more or less as an exception, we are glad to be able to hand one to Mr. Clynes, the Assistant Food Controller, as having justified himself unto the people in his part of the job. The new Consumers' Council is understood to be his conception, but why so much of the patrician and so little of the plebeian about it? No doubt their lordships and their ladyships have mouths, as humbler folk, but that is no reason why they should swell so visibly on the Consumers' Council to the exclusion of those who haven't a coronet to bless themselves with.

Friends.

"Our German friends must now speak," croaked the Herr von Ramsay Macdonald-bacher, M.P., at the Labour Conference the other day: "they are my German friends, and will remain so in spite of—". Then why the Kaiser doesn't the man go among his German friends and stay there? Birds of a feather should flock together.

Needed at Home.

When father and mother are on war work, why should a useful girl, nearly 14, in a high standard, be still compelled to attend school? She would be much better at home for the few remaining months, looking after her little brothers and sisters, and seeing them off to school. In these days the Education laws should not be too rigidly enforced.

Privileges of Station.

The petrol laws are strictly enforced in Cumberland—sometimes. A soldier's wife, carrying on in his absence, was at Maryport fined £2 5s. for using a car and petrol. She was carrying soldiers and civilians, and had been assured it was "business." On the other hand, several cars were used at a concert in Carlisle, for pleasure. The users included an ex-M.P., a Mayor, and a titled lady. There were police to note things, but no summons resulted. Perhaps the County and Civic influences were too strong.

Testimonial.

Soldiers in the Brentwood district have received a gratifying testimonial from Mr. J. F. Lescher, the Chairman of the local Petty Sessions. "Although," he said, "a large number of troops have been in the district, there has not been a single case of drunkenness brought before the Court, which was very creditable to them." And not only creditable, but—in spite of what those who make it a moral and religious obligation to libel British soldiers may think—credible. Tommy is not the drunken and dissolute beast they like to paint him.

A Duke and an Island.

The Duke of Argyll owns large tracts of uncultivated land. The Isle of Tiree is his, and small holdings thereon were once marked off by the Board of Agriculture (Scotland), but the scheme somehow fell through. The islanders are now growing food without permission, and the Duke has interdicted them by law, but they take no notice of that. It would be more graceful on the part of his Grace were he to open up his land to willing cultivators, putting the nation's need before a ducal fancy.

A Soldiers' Grievance.

Will the station employees of the southern Railway Companies kindly note that the public very strongly resent the treatment frequently accorded to soldiers returning to the Front? To turn sleeping men out of first and second-class carriages and crowd them into "thirds," although, frequently, there is little or no demand on the trains for the superior accommodation, is an officious activity we should not have expected from porters and others who, but for the accident of circumstance, might themselves be facing the Huns. Unless, of course, the station staffs are obeying special orders, a possibility which in some cases may shift the blame.

What's in a Name?

It is pointed out in one of the papers that those who have had their fun out of the name of Sir Arthur Yapp, the late Director of Food Economy, have apparently failed to note that the Superintendent of Government Publications at H.M. Stationery Office is Mr. A. L. Screech. The reason, however, is obvious. He doesn't.

Doctor and Child.

A mother's letter to the Strabane Guardians makes strange reading. A doctor, she stated, first gave some medicine for her sick child, and said he would call if the child became worse. When sent for, he delayed his visit, and arrived after death. "He turned on his step and walked out again, and never examined my child to see what it died with." Afterwards, when she expostulated, "he said if we were all dead it would not be much odds." The Guardians decided to ask the doctor for an explanation; one certainly seems due.

False Economy.

While "very sorry" for the road-sweepers threatened with loss of livelihood, the Bath City Council announce that they will soon "have to consider other means of road-cleansing." Perhaps, at the same time, they will be good enough to consider what, in that event, is to become of the discharged road-sweepers, many of them aged and infirm. If these old servants of the public are flung upon the dust-heap, so to speak, the Council may be proud of the "economy" effected, but the ratepayers will be annoyed and ashamed.

A Word for "Waacs."

We are afraid the "Waacs" have a deal of rudeness to put up with. A few of them at Wareham obtained permission to attend a dance at Corfe, in aid of disabled soldiers, but a wire came that no "Waacs" would be admitted. Because these girls are serving their country it seems hard to debar them from a function attended by girls who stay at home and help nothing. The "Waacs" are plucky, and they stick it, but they are entitled to more encouragement and less impertinence.

Emptiness Preferred.

At Bamber Bridge is an old Volunteers' Drill Hall, disused, going to wrack and ruin. An offer for a tenancy was made, but the local Military Authorities said they might need it sometime or somehow. The prospective tenant, intending to use the premises as a place of entertainment, was willing to agree to give up possession on demand, but "No" was still the answer. So several good folk remain out of work, a good rent is refused, entertainment taxes suffer, and the old Drill Hall remains to disintegrate and decay—left to the rats.

Wanted.

Whether Saltash Food Control Committee have got what they want, we know not. At the last heard of them on earth, their requirement was an Inspector to undertake duties comprising "inspecting shops, accounts, records, and attending cattle auctions for the purpose of seeing that the Food Orders are being carried out, and attending the meetings of the Committee"; salary, £26 per annum. These are admittedly not the whole of the duties for the money; so it is possible that the successful candidates will be called upon to cut the Committee's beautiful hair and lick its illustrious boots.

Sunday Play for Objects.

The Objects at Wakefield Gaol claim to have a conscience, but their spirituality and religion are missing. They spend Sunday mornings in playing football on the ground behind the prison. Adjoining, are allotment holders growing food, and being blackguarded by the unco-guid for working in a garden on a Sunday. If the Objects were forced to dig instead of playing footer, it would be more seemly, more useful, and more Christian.

A Fat Affair.

A wee while ago a barrel containing between three and four hundredweight of lard was found wandering on its lonesome in the lock at the Royal Albert Dock. Though reported to the police at the time, when last heard of it was still wandering and none knoweth, according to our informant, where it will eventually get to. Meanwhile the inhabitants of East Ham are clamouring at the shops for a quarter of lard and departing disconsolate.

"Constables and Whisky."

Further information increases the suspicion that the alleged drinking of stolen whisky by Liverpool policemen is a matter that has, so far, been astutely hushed-up. The boy who stole the whisky has gone to prison; the officers who, he claims, incited and aided him and consumed the stuff, are still on duty as protectors of the law. It is curious that the boy can call every one of them by his name and even by his nickname, and to us there seems much reason for a full inquiry.

Punishing the Patriot.

A railway booking clerk three times asked permission to enlist. It was refused, so he put his country first and enlisted without permission, being deemed to have resigned. The position has changed. Conscripted men called up retain the goodwill of the Company, are promised their positions on return, and enjoy all privileges of railway servants, such as reduced fares. It seems very unfair.

Sectional Schemes.

We are strongly of opinion that efforts on behalf of disabled soldiers and sailors should be on national, rather than on Party or sectarian, lines. There is something intensely repugnant in the proposal to inquire into the politics or religion of a man who has fought and suffered for his country, before extending to him a helping hand, and the efforts of political caucuses and religious sects to establish competing schemes of relief for their own protégés are bound to excite suspicion.

A Young Life Sacrificed.

Lord Derby has promised to inquire into the death of young Williams, the 18-year-old son of the Secretary of the Musicians' Union. The tale told is of sickness and chill; waiting for hours in bitter cold to see the doctor; light duty; more waiting; compulsory attendance at a football match; a temperature of 104; bronchitis, spotted fever, pneumonia—and death. We hope, and believe, that the inquiry into the "hardening" process at Kinmel Camp, Rhyl, will be thorough and complete.

Cashiered.

According to a recent *Gazette*, Lieut.-Col. J. A. Rooth, of the Royal Army Medical Corps (Territorial), has been dismissed from His Majesty's Service by sentence of General Court-Martial. Can anybody tell us why?

More Leaks.

Leek Urban Tribunal is impertinent. We protested against wholesale exemptions to factory hands making artificial silk for frills and finery, but another batch of these heroes, with other hangbacks, have received three months' exemption, not one man being found for the Army. Leek Rural Tribunal is as bad. It sends real farm workers, while farmers' sons and beaters on the moors are excused.

Britain Invaded.

You have but to peruse trade journals to appreciate how alien invaders are eating into British trade. In the drapery line alone a column is devoted every week to a list of "Business Names Registrations," showing how it is done. The alien takes some fancy name, such as Lizette, or Yorkshire Court Stores, registers it, and thereby renders less obvious his real identity, for he is actually some Rosenbaumovitch or Weissostein. Russians are very busy assuming this camouflage, leading good Britains to deal with them in the dark.

£1,000 for a "Bullet."

This is your last chance to win this huge prize. See page 12.

Candid Communications.

This page is devoted to Open Letters to Celebrities, Notorieties, and occasionally Nonentities.

To the Right Hon. Arthur Henderson, M.P.

DEAR MR. HENDERSON,—With many of your opinions I am in rank disagreement, but I have always tried to think of you as an honest man untainted by the spurious "pacifism" which is merely treason in disguise. However, to the point. You can scarcely be ignorant of the fact that some of your recent pamphlets on the war are being distributed broadcast in the company of other leaflets shamelessly advocating a German peace. In other words, your name is being employed to lend countenance to a disloyal and seditious propaganda. As you value your reputation, you will, I am sure, at once take steps to make your position clear.

JOHN BULL.

To General Booth, Salvation Army.

SIR,—There are black sheep in every flock, and I can't blame you for having such a dirty blackguard as Philip Belsham as an Ensign in the Salvation Army at Reading. But when the man has a warrant out against him for a disgusting assault on a boy, what am I to think of the police evidence that your people in London knew about it, and advised him to join His Majesty's Army to escape arrest? Is that the way they support the law, and guard the honour of the national forces? JOHN BULL.

To the Clitheroe County Justices.

GENTLEMEN,—It may be rank heresy, but in these difficult times I cannot for the life of me regard the trapping of a rabbit as a serious crime. Therefore I think you grossly exceeded your duty in declaring rabbits to be "game" and fining Albert Entwistle 15s. for the mere attempt to snare them. The man's excuse was that he had a wife and six children to keep, and for five weeks had been unable to obtain meat. Had I been in your place I should, in these circumstances, have discharged the poor fellow—perhaps with a mild caution "just for the look of the thing." I like neither your law nor your justice.

JOHN BULL.

To the Nottingham Guardians.

GENTLEMEN,—Your officials recently had a substantial rise in their salaries, to meet the increased cost of living. Well, I don't blame you. The cost of living has gone up. It is only the cost of dying that is so cheap. Charlotte Elizabeth Isaacs, a spinster of 68, living at 17, Beverley Street, recently died. Of course it wasn't from starvation. But she practically lived on parish relief, amounting to 3s. 7d. a week. Good Heavens! and you raised your officials' screws!

JOHN BULL.

To the Rev. W. H. Haden, M.A., Union Chapel, Luton.

REV. SIR,—In a recent sermon you talk about "a new offensive—moral, political and spiritual"—and I find your remarks very offensive indeed. You say we are now engaged on a war of conquest. You lie. You talk about our brave, our heroic soldiers "coming back stained"—and again you lie. You say we must love our enemies. Well, we will try—when we have brought them to reason with a gun. But Heaven forbid that we should ever have to love you.

JOHN BULL.

To Miss Helena Normanfon, B.A., University Extension Lecturer, London University.

MADAM,—So the lawyers won't let you become a student of the law. It is precisely what I anticipated. My sympathies are with you. You will, however, permit me to differ from you on the sweeping statement you made, in the course of a meeting of the Women's Freedom League, that all men ought to wear kilts. I no more believe that, madam, than I believe that all women ought to wear trousers. May I ask you, in fancy, to behold me in the concertina attenuation of the Macs when the stormy winds do blow? Think, I pray you, of the awful draught; think—but what has the nether garment of the sex which is not yours to do with the Women's Freedom League? I should like to know.

JOHN BULL.

To the General Manager, Edinburgh Traction Bus Co.

SIR,—Are you aware of the iniquitous system of fines current in your Company? Do you know that poor conductresses, working 13 to 14 hours daily, for a paltry 23s. a week (worth about 10s. to-day), are fined 2s. 6d. for sitting down inside the bus—even at one in the morning, or when the bus carries no passengers? There are other fines as absurd, but none so monstrous as this. Hadn't you better look into it, and kick a little humanity into your managerial staff?

JOHN BULL.

To John Booth, Schoolmaster, Finchley.

SIR,—You prosecuted your motherless nephew on a charge of stealing 16s., a charge happily dismissed by a wise Magistrate. You had asked the boy why he didn't run away—and you admitted asking him, "You know where the Serpentine is?" The poor child took 10s. to carry him to his godmother, and you were handed back 9s. 5d., the balance representing his railway fare. So, even when that motherless boy did run away, you were not satisfied till you had dragged him into a police court. I rejoice that he has escaped from the Serpentine and from you, for you would not seem to be desirable as an uncle, whatever you may be as a schoolmaster.

JOHN BULL.

To Mr. George Adam Hufuadel, Wool Merchant, Bradford.

DEAR MR. HUFUADEL,—Although you are living within 300 yards of the principal shops at Ilkley, the food authorities lately found that you had made plentiful provision for a hungry day. On searching your larder they discovered, amongst other goods, 30½ lbs. of sugar, 31 lbs. of bacon, 26 lbs. of jam, and 5½ stone of flour. However, the Otley Magistrates, in their wisdom, have decided that this was not "hoarding" within the meaning of the Regulations; therefore I must be gentle with you. All I will say is that a man with a name like yours should be a lot more careful.

JOHN BULL.

A MEDIAEVAL PERSECUTOR.

MOTED BIRMINGHAM RECTOR'S OUTRAGEOUS ACTION.

We have not the personal acquaintance of the Rev. W. J. L. Sheppard, Rector of St. Thomas, Birmingham. We know him only from certain of his letters in our possession, which stamp him as a narrow-minded bigot with a mediaeval mind. Two young people at Edgbaston—a soldier on leave from the Front and a respectable girl of the locality—had been guilty of indiscretion, and certain consequences having arisen, an early marriage was desired. In these circumstances, application was made to the Rector for the publication of the banns—whereupon this censorious parson sent to the fighting soldier a letter which in the interests of decent feeling we feel bound to print in full:—

My Dear Brother,—Your Mother brought Miss — to see me to-day respecting the publication of Banns of Marriage, and I heard something of your and her sin and shame. Poor girl! She is indeed finding how terrible are the wages of sin, and her distress was very sad to see. I knew that she has sinned as well as you, but it is almost always the man who is the tempter, and his the heaviest blame. I am only glad that you are ready to make her your wife, but do remember that that does not put the sin away, or alter the fact that the child will ever remind you of it. Nothing we can do can undo sin, and only God can put away the guilt of it from the soul.

It will be seen that up to this point the Rector had confined to insult with his reckless censures the poor girl, her gallant lover, and even the unborn babe. Cruelly indifferent to the expectant mother's natural distress, he then proceeded to threaten a renewal of his unctuous attentions:—

I shall try to see Miss — again and talk to her of the way of forgiveness, and I enclose a little book which may help you to find it too. For God is merciful, and if you are both truly and humbly repentant there is no reason why you both should not be pardoned and have a happy married life, although never the same as if the sweetness and purity of it had not been destroyed by both of you as it has.

Having thus, as it were, laid his priestly curse upon the young couple's home and future, the Rector of St. Thomas went on to make a suggestion of which for sheer insolence and effrontery we have never seen the equal. Again we prefer rather to quote than to summarise:—

have explained to your Mother and Miss — that in cases like these where the sin is so great

and the blessing of God is sought on the marriage by the Church Service, there must first be public confession of the sin. I have asked your C.O. to arrange so that you are here on Sunday, Feb. 3rd, the last day of the Banns. Then I shall ask you both to come to Church together—either morning or evening—and I shall say you desire in the General Confession to seek God's forgiveness for your sin as you join in it with the rest of the congregation. Then the marriage can take place on the Monday. I hope, of course, that long before this you will have found pardon from God, but this confession is necessary in the Church before you come to seek God's blessing there on your marriage; and I do not doubt that if you are both repentant and sincere God will give it you. I shall be glad to hear from you—Yours very sincerely.

And exactly what that "confession" was to be and how it would brand the young people and their unborn child (the couple are now married) will be seen in this further letter from the Rector:—

My Dear Friend,—I was sorry to read your letter. You seem to me to misunderstand both my letter to you and also the position you are in. The letter to you was written as from a friend who desired to help both you and your fiancée so far as is possible. This you appear to resent, and can only suppose you misunderstood what I wrote.

With regard to the marriage, it is quite true that your mother and Miss — came to me in the Banns and saw me. They enquired if, under the circumstances of the sin committed, there would be any difficulty about the marriage, and I told them, as I told you, what the condition of marriage would be, namely, the confession of the sin at one of the Services, which they both understood. The exact proceeding is that you would both be in Church at one of our usual Services; I should then announce that "—

— and — desire in the General Confession (which is part of the Service) to acknowledge their sin before God and to seek His forgiveness"; then all join in the General Confession which follows, and the Service proceeds as usual. I do not, of course, state what the sin is.

So far as I can gather from your letter you seem to expect that, after sinning and making your fiancée sin with you, you should now be treated by the Church exactly as if your marriage was pure and blameless. This would be simply to make the Church and her Services a convenient cloak for sin. Marriage is not a private affair,

but a public Service, in which the two persons publicly come to seek God's blessing through the Church; but if they have sinned first so as to shut themselves off from the blessing, they must confess the sin before they then come to receive that blessing. Otherwise the whole Service is a blasphemous mockery. I hope I have now made the matter plain, and it is for you to say whether you intend to fulfil the condition; if not, then I cannot marry you, and the Banns must be withdrawn. Will you kindly write me by return of post in any case, and if you decline, or if I do not hear in a week's time, that is, before Sunday, February 3rd, the Banns will be withdrawn.

In that case please give the enclosed letter to your Commanding Officer, enclosing my request to him, as it is of no use his sending you home on leave if you cannot be married, and I should not have time to get a letter back to him again after leaving from you.

Not content with censuring the young soldier, he actually enclosed the following damnsatory letter for the lad's Commanding Officer, regardless of any harm likely to result to the young fellow's military career—thus making him, as it were, his own executioner:—

I wrote you a few days ago, asking if Private — could be sent home on leave so as to reach home on February 2nd in order that before marriage he and the girl he has wronged might confess their sin in Church on the Sunday. As he objects to this, and declines to fulfil this condition of marriage in such cases, the Banns will be withdrawn, and I write to cancel my previous letter, as his coming home at the time I stated would be useless.

And the writer of this outrageous letter squealed when he was written to as he deserved, and threatened the young soldier with proceedings under the law of libel! On second thoughts, however, Mr. Sheppard seems to have reconsidered his position, and having rallied his Churchwardens to his aid, he has decided by their advice "to lay the matter before the Bishop and to ask his advice as to any further action"! The Rector's complaint, we understand, is of "untrue and insulting insinuations," but into that we need not enter. Of our charge against Mr. Sheppard, the letters themselves are damning evidence. Let him answer if he can. Personally, we care neither for priest nor Bishop where a simple issue of justice and humanity is concerned.

TROUBLE IN THE MERCHANT SERVICE.

DISCONTENT ON BRIDGE AND QUARTER-DECK.

The Merchant Service is seething with discontent. We have the gravest reason for thinking that if Sir Joseph Maclay, the Shipping Controller, does not look very carefully into the matter at once, things will be at a pretty pass before the 11th of this month. And it is not the fo'castle this time. The men have got their rises, and are more or less content. But the captains and officers have been promised and promised, and have got nothing. It is there that the danger lies. There are chief officers who sail at the same pay as the stewards who wait on them. No sort of consideration has been shown the merchant officers, presumably because it was thought that they would not kick. And now they are going to kick. They are wrong—it is the duty of everybody to "stick it" at all costs. Think what a stoppage of merchant shipping would mean—the misery at home, the exultations in Germany! Yet this is what the merchant officers have decided on if the Shipping Controller remains deaf to their insistent appeals. It is, indeed, deplorably sad that a body of loyal men should be driven to the verge of mutiny. When once they have struck, it will be too late. The harm will have been done. The Merchant Service, which has done so nobly during the war—has faced danger so fearlessly—will be stained. But whose fault will it really be? Sir Joseph Maclay, hadn't you better inquire?

THE DRUIDS AND A DEAD MAN.

QUEER HAPPENINGS IN A LOCAL LODGE.

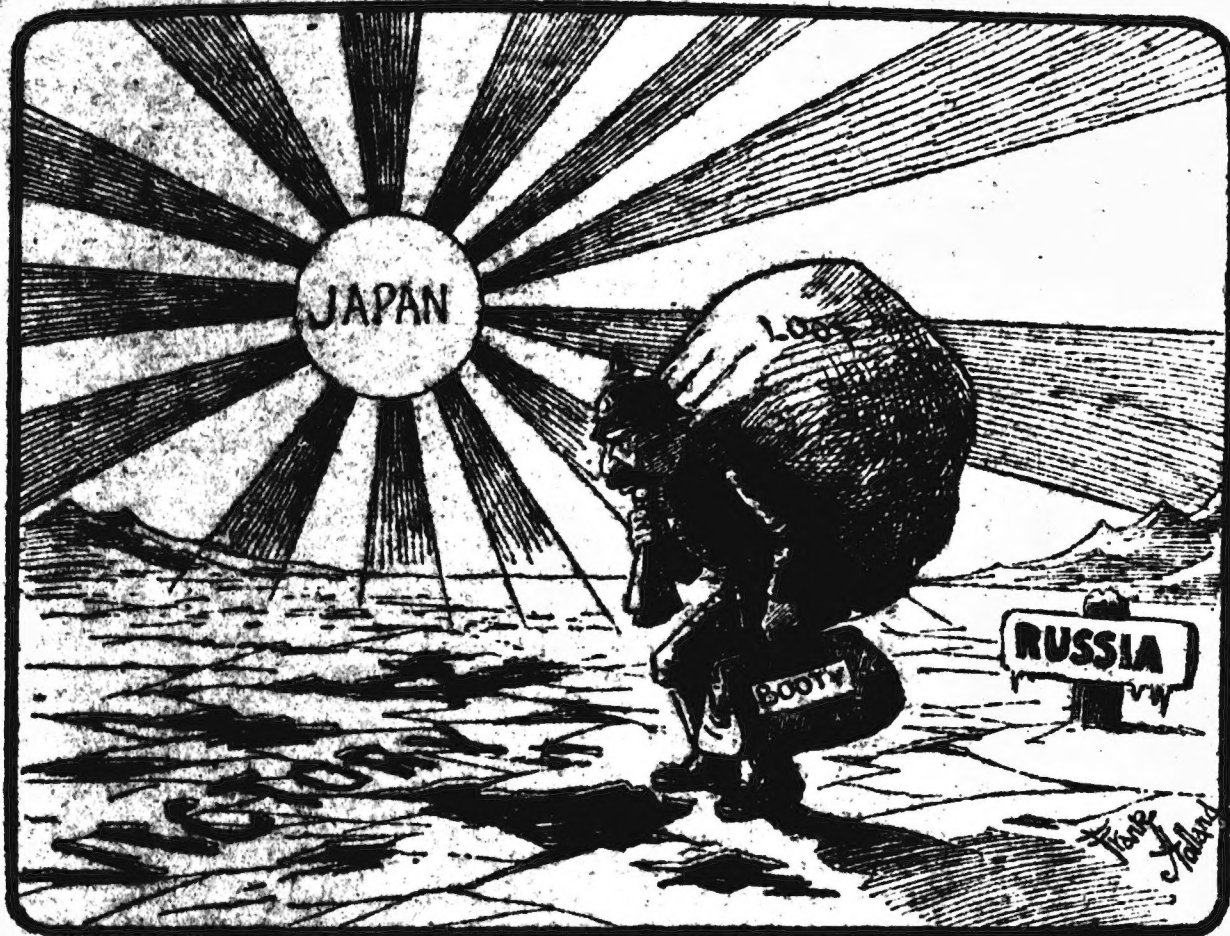
The last balance-sheet of the Silverton (Devon) Lodge of the Ancient Order of Druids was for 1913. It showed the Lodge to be nearly insolvent, but there was a nice covering letter, and working-people are not always good at balance-sheets. Things got worse and worse, and, as the Lodge did not keep up its levies to the District, in January, 1915, it was suspended from benefit. That means that, if a member of the local Lodge died, the District would not pay the funeral expenses. The responsibility for them would then fall on that Lodge, and the one at Silverton hadn't the requisite money. Nevertheless, members went on paying into the Lodge funds. The state of affairs was not explained to them, and they were induced to keep on paying on the grounds that things were going pretty well. Thus, from January, 1915, to date members have been contributing to a Lodge which was out of benefit. Lately a citizen of £12 for funeral expenses for an old gentleman, 54 years a member of the Lodge, was admitted by the Secretary and allowed by the local County Court, but there is no money to meet it. This is a scandalous state of things, which merits a strict inquiry. The Order—one of the largest and most respected thrift organisations in the kingdom—has a moral, if not a legal, duty to pay that £12, and stand sponsor for all the other liabilities of the Silverton Lodge.

THE POST OFFICE GOES MAD.

ALL THE FUN OF THE FAIR AT EGHAM.

It's a long way to Tipperary. But it's a wonder the Post Office don't make Tipperary the P.O. for France. Anyhow, they've made Staines the Post Office for Egham, and thrown all the postal arrangements of the district into wild confusion. Egham is a town of 13,000 inhabitants, in Surrey. Staines is a town of about 7,000 inhabitants, in Middlesex. The distance between the two places is almost a Sabbath day's journey—1½ miles. So this is how things work out now. You, living in Egham, want to send a post-card to Uncle Joe, also living in Egham. You post it—in Egham. It is taken by motor to Staines. Five postmen on bicycles go off in wild pursuit of the motor, and one of them brings your card back, and delivers it to Uncle Joe. Englefield Green is one mile from Egham. Letters posted at the Green for Egham are taken through Egham to the railway station, thence by train to London, thence to Staines, and thence by road to Egham. Total round trip (with side shows), 42 miles. The first post is at 10 a.m.; letters often take 24 to 48 hours to crawl a mile. The excuse is "war economy." Did you ever hear the like? Of course, if you shut up the Post Office altogether there would be a saving of sorts. And if you shut up all the public departments they are opening in London, that would be a saving, too. But, while we have a Post Office, we expect it to do what we pay it to do.

A PLACE IN THE SUN.



THE THAW SETS IN!

A SCANDALOUS CASE.

THREE YEARS IN ARMY, CROOKED AND PAUPERISED.

Another case illustrating the shameful but unashamed neglect by the Pensions Ministry of men crooked in the Army and discharged from it is now before us in the history of ex-Private B. P. Daly, late of the R.D.C. and K.L.R.—a man of good character, good intelligence, and good upbringing. Originally a coach-builder, he joined the Army in 1914. After serving for three years and twenty-eight days, he and four of his children have had to seek refuge in Walton Workhouse as an alternative to gridding an organ or "wandering without visible means of subsistence" on the streets. When he joined up he weighed 11st. 2lbs.; now, broken in health if not in spirit, he weighs only 6st. 8lbs. He attributes his present physical condition—whatever the medical term for it may be—to the fact that while serving temporarily with the 35th King's in the Isle of Man he was in an ill-equipped camp in which it was almost impossible to keep dry night or day.

Not for a moment do we wish to give the impression that the Ministry of Pensions have done nothing for this man. They have treated him exactly as they have treated so many other men whom the Army has taken, and broken, and cast away. First of all, they awarded him 5s. 7s. 6d. weekly, reduced it to 5s. 6d., and after months of application and months of waiting they increased the amount to 10s. On this sum he was expected to maintain himself and his family of seven young children ranging in ages from two months to 14 years. Coach-building being one of the dead industries, Daly had no alternative except begging at the workhouse. This is the plain tale. It is one which in these times, and in this country, it ought not to be possible for anybody to write. To inflict the stigma of the workhouse on such a man and his family is an affront and an outrage not only on him, but on every other discharged soldier who, broken in service, sees his fate in the fate of ex-Private Daly. These things bite deep into the soul of the man who has fought and suffered. They are dangerous in these days.

PLAYING THE GOAT.

A THOROUGH SWINDLE—AND NO KID.

According to his recent advertisements, Mr. J. Preedy—trading as Preedy and Sons, of Canvey, Essex—is the proprietor of the Essex Portable Building Works, but, as a matter of sober fact, Mr. Preedy is the proprietor of little else but the clothes on his back, assuming his tailor's account to be all square. Not but what Preedy and Sons deal, or pretend to deal, in a great variety of articles, from Live Goats to Dog Kennels, Rustic Summer Houses and Iron and Wood Mission Rooms. But, whether Preedy is selling you a tin church or a "quiet Nanny," he needs watching. Not long ago, a discharged soldier purchased from Preedy and Sons "two goats in kid," but when the transaction was complete, a serious mistake had been made.

There was only one goat, and she was certainly not "in kid." Finding himself "kidded," instead of the goat, the purchaser brought an action against Preedy and Sons in the East-bourne County Court. But although he easily won his case, he got no more satisfaction than was contained in a letter from the Chief Bailiff, intimating that Preedy had never had any goods upon which a distress might be levied. "I have now several unsatisfied warrants prior to yours," wrote the baffled Bailiff, "upon which I cannot obtain a penny. . . . It is most extremely difficult to prove means, as Defendant does very little work." By the side of Preedy's glowing advertisements, this official statement reads strangely, but it is amply corroborated in an independent letter from the Superintendent of the Essex Police. "I have received several complaints similar to yours," writes Mr. Superintendent, "but regret that I am unable to stop his game altogether without the assistance of the persons he has defrauded. I have on more than one occasion got a pass ready when at the last moment they have accepted money in the settlement of their claims, and this stopped further progress." Here is a hint and a warning for those concerned. It is intended as a plain indication to the authorities to be up and doing. This kind of "kidding" ought to be stopped, and the police should act.

FASHIONS FOR THE FAIR.

MRS. GRUNDY IN A LIVERPOOL SHIPPING OFFICE.

Messrs. A. Holt and Co., the Liverpool ship-owners, have taken on a side line. They have started to direct the Mode, with Mrs. Grundy as chief overseer. A week or two ago all the hussies at Holt's—at least one must assume that this is the light in which the firm regard the lady members of the staff—were astonished to receive the following circular letter, signed by a Miss J. H. Alexander, who has apparently not quite risen to the latest fashions of the town, imposing on them a drastic and immediate sumptuary law in respect of their attire:—

Owing to the fact that ray wishes with regard to the wearing of suitable office clothing during office hours have not been carried out by the whole of the staff, it has been found necessary to enforce the following: Blouses must not be open at the neck more than four (4) inches in a V-shape measuring from the neck and so fastened that nothing beneath can be seen when leaning forward. If a transparent blouse is worn it must be accompanied by a plain underslip entirely covering everything beneath it, so that no underclothing is visible. Anyone wearing an overall to meet the difficulty must fasten it up to the regulation depth. The wearing of unnecessary jewellery, transparent stockings, ribbons in the hair, skirts too short, and the use of scent, cosmetics, and face-powder must entirely cease. . . . Anyone infringing the above orders . . . will be dealt with severely. The seniors of each branch have been instructed to report anyone who fails to comply with the above.

On the face of this Alexandrine epistle, it would appear that the feminine office staff have been consciously or unconsciously upsetting the Holt shipping line to an extent which can no longer be palliated, excused, or permitted. This, let it be said at once, the owners of the peeping-Tom blouses and the aerated hose strenuously deny. They scorn the allegation, and hotly maintain that they are "respectably dressed." This is good hearing because, Mrs. Grundy apart, no business office can be run as a *salon des modes* for the disreputably undressed. Such a state of things would tend to disarrange the feelings of customers; with blouses cut down too low and fracts cut up too high—but there we leave them for the Grundy person of Messrs. Holt and Co. to measure with a yard stick or a foot rule.

LUCK FOR EX-SOLDIERS.

DISCHARGED MEN PENALISED FOR PENSIONS.

Who says that discharged soldiers can't get work? They can get plenty—only they mustn't expect to get paid for it. At least, not decent wages. Haven't they got a pension of some sort to fall back upon? And shouldn't an employer be able to make a bit out of them on that score? It's a common thing for a man to be offered less "because there's his pension." We don't know if that was in the mind of the Rev. W. Kemp Buswell, Vicar of Walton-on-Thames. But if it wasn't, how does he expect a caretaker and wife to look after the Walton Almshouses for 5s. per week and residence? It can't be done; not in peace time, let alone in these times. We are sure that the reverend gentleman would not like to keep himself and wife on five bob a week; and we are sure that if subscribers supported the Almshouses in a similar fashion there would soon be no almshouses to support.

Nor do we think it fair or Christlike to offer a discharged soldier (R.C.) the job of minding a gate lodge and doing very light work in return for house, turf stack, good potato plot, and 3s. 6d. a week, as is done by an advertiser in the *Derry Journal*. We think it damnable, and the reference to the man's religion makes it worse. We shall have a good deal of this kind of thing before many months are past, and we shall fight these paltry games every time. To exploit the fighting man, to give him low wages because the State makes some acknowledgement of his services, is a gross insult.

TOWERING over all the rabble and the gabble of the politicians stands the grim, rough figure of Labour. I don't profess to know exactly how many Labour "Parties" there are, or how many Labour Leaders—in fact, they are all Leaders as far as I can make out. Manifesto follows manifesto with irritating monotony—Conferences and Congresses are held almost daily—"Programme" follows "Programme." And all the time the workman goes quietly on his way—utterly indifferent to all the wonderful things which are being done in his name! And then, behind it all, are the shadows of two big and mighty forces which, so far, stand silent—watching and waiting. One is that of the Fighting Men—the other that of the Women Veterans. Ere long, each of these new elements in the political life of the country will organise into effective and distinct units, although of necessity they will to a large extent overlap most of the others I have mentioned—especially Labour. Thus it is to Labour we must look for the determining voice in deciding the new order of things which will emerge from the war. And hence all this feverish activity to capture its political machinery—all this Programme-making; all this reconstitution; all these new battle-cries.

Workers, Beware!

Well, it will be one of the principal purposes of this journal to keep the workers from being exploited by any of these groups. There have been far too many "Labour Leaders" in the past. I have met most of them, and the majority are downright good fellows. Henderson, with all his faults, is as honest as the day. So are O'Grady, Thorne, Seddon, Walsh, Clynes, Roberts, Barnes, Hodge, Wardle, Thomas and others with whom I sat for several years in Parliament. I don't mention Ramsay MacDonald, because he is not—and has never been—in any true sense, a Labour man. A Scotch School Teacher, he has all the canny, intellectual cunning of his race—but he is essentially a theorist, without an ounce of warm human blood in his veins. And how the other "Leaders" hate him! But, all the same, I don't think one of these men is capable of grappling properly with the great After-War problem. They have all been reared in an atmosphere of prejudice against the Capitalist and of suspicion of "the Classes." Now, one of the first lessons of the war has surely been to expose the fallacy and the folly of that attitude. Capital, Labour, and Enterprise—apart from the primary factor of the Land—are the three essentials to the production of all wealth; but whereas in the past they have usually been considered natural enemies, the experience of the last few years has demonstrated that, in reality, they are partners; and that is the first thing which I want the workers to realise. Having got in the thin end of the wedge in the shape of taxing Excess Profits for the benefit of the State, it will be simplicity itself to extend that principle, after the war, to the ear-marking of a fair proportion of all profit for the benefit of the men who play so big a part in earning it. In future, that will be a mere commonplace. But Capital and Labour and Enterprise will have to work loyally together—or there will be no Profits to tax. The politicians are loading us up with such a burden of debt, and the war is destroying for ever such a mass of wealth that, unless all the Producing elements combine, there will be nothing to divide. In other words, Labour must throw over the Politicians and their platitudes, and the "Leaders" and their jaw. Capital and Labour must marry, and then there is no reason why they should not "live happy ever after."

The Marriage Settlement.

And what should be the terms of the Marriage Settlement? I will tell you. The first charge upon Capital must be a decent living wage for the worker; the next, a decent home to live in; and the next, plenty of good, wholesome food. Those are the fundamental conditions of good work—and every sensible capitalist knows it. Then the employer must have, first, a fair return upon his capital, and a fair reward for his enterprise and his risk; and, after that, he must be allowed to set aside reasonable Reserves against lean years and bad trade. And, finally, as regards any surplus Profit, the State should annex a portion for public purposes; and the employer should have a portion by way of Bonus. The State's portion should be specifically ear-marked for the benefit of the workers—one of the purposes to which it should be applied being a grant to parents in respect of every child up to the age of fourteen, so that the man who settles down and rears a family should not be penalised for his patriotism. I am satisfied that all these

things are within the bounds of practical statesmanship; and I am equally sure that, properly placed before the great employers of labour, they would be readily conceded. Private employers we must have, unless we are to kill all enterprise and reduce our commercial system to one humdrum, hide-bound level of mediocrity—with half the profits swallowed up by a swarm of Government officials. The only things the State should take over are the great public undertakings essential to the national service—railways, canals, waterworks, tramways, lighting, mines—everything in the nature of a monopoly industry. Well, there is a rough idea of the heads of the Marriage Settlement. Shall we put up the Banns? If so, let the courtship proceed. For instance, there is at present trouble in the shipbuilding yards. To anyone who understands the situation, that is a statement which carries with it the gravest significance. And it is a fact on which His Majesty's Government would be wise to give the country the fullest information. A sane and informed public opinion is the greatest aid to good government. We are living under abnormal conditions—martial law in all but name. There is not one of us, from the humblest citizen labouring under numerous restrictions, many of them stupid and vexatious, to the King of England with his meat coupons, who is not called upon to recognise the true meaning of citizenship—all for each and each for all. We stand or fall together in this war.

A Strong and Royal For.

It may hurt our sturdy British pride to acknowledge the military power of Prussia; it may offend our Imperial dignity to realise the unscrupulous might of the Hohenzollern—but nothing is to be gained by burying the truth. In our Empire's history we have met other tough customers—we have been up against strong and unscrupulous enemies. But of all the foes who have sought to challenge the authority of Britain in the councils of the world Germany to-day is at once the most bestial and the strongest. Recognise that fact—stare in the face the great mountains of military might and of diplomatic devilry which the Evil Genius of Europe has raised, and we are half way to blasting those hills of infamy into defeat and nothingness. But if we for a moment weary in the struggle; if we allow the wicked insinuations of the Pacifist and the subtle suggestions of the Pro-German to weaken our resolve or to stay our fighting arm, then God help the world, and above all—and this is what I as an Englishman, a Britisher, care most about, and I am not ashamed to own it—God help England, Britain, the Empire! For as certain as light follows night, unless we crush the German, unless we finish off the fiends of Potsdam, there will be no peace on earth; but incessant wars, never-ending fears—the people of Europe will live in a perpetual ferment of alarms, and the world will become bankrupt in the effort to protect that which ultimately will become worthless. Now I am talking straight—which is the way to talk to Labour. I spell Labour with a big "L," but I am not referring to Labour "Parties." I mean something greater and finer, something more dignified and enduring than any organisation which has its basis in the aspirations of the workman and yet is ruined and ridiculed by the Party hacks at Westminster. Labour to-day is represented by the vast army of workers who are producing engines of war and those ships which are needed to defeat the enemies' under-sea weapons. You may deplore it if you will, you may sigh for the Millennium when the Hun shall be a man of honour and the German woman a creature of tenderness and pity. But we must face the facts. And one of the main and terrible facts of to-day is that millions of hands and millions of money are being employed to defeat a foe who has challenged all that is fine and noble in the history of human-kind. If anyone doubts that Civilisation and Humanity are in danger, let him read the latest White Paper—"Report on the Transport of British Discoveries of War to Germany." It deals with what happened between August and December in

LABOUR'S

PUT UP THE BANNS—WORKERS

By T. W. B.

ONLY WAY.

BEWARE!—COME ON, JAPAN!

MYER.

the opening months of conflict. It is a record of revolting inhumanity, of calculated cruelty, of bestial disregard for the most primitive ideas of compassion for the wounded and the dying without parallel in the history of civilised mankind. And let this be remembered by those among us who might be inclined to listen to the infamous talk about "our German friends" and be led astray by misplaced feelings of "brotherhood"—that the dirtiest acts of oppression, the cruellest insults, the denials of water, the refusals of bread, the deliberate starvation, the wilful assaults—everything that was base and cowardly, bestial and brutal, was reserved for the British prisoners.

Germany's Bitterest Enemy.

Germany's hatred for us is a thing to remember. We stand between her and that world dominion which has been the dream of the Potsdam scoundrel ever since he insulted his English mother, and, with envy in his heart, ascended the throne of Germany. Remember, too, that the cruellest insults inflicted upon our sick and suffering officers and men came not from the German soldiers with whom they had fought—the one hope for the future is in the human feeling of the fighting man—but from the civilians, mainly from the women, and, above all, from the Red Cross women. It was these harriads, masquerading under the badge of gentleness and human kindness, the universal emblem of charity in warfare, who handed the cup of water to fever-parched lips and spat into it in the full sight of helpless wounded. It was the Red Cross women, unsexed, unashamed, who poured the coffee and the soup on to the station platform before the hungry eyes of our famished and suffering men. It was the women of Germany who spat and jeered, who flung stones and epithets at our brave fellows whose only fault was that they had fallen fighting into the hands of a pitiless enemy. We are indeed at war with a nation—the men bestial, brutal, lustful, to whom rape is an everyday incident and the bayoneting of helpless children the humour of sport, who see in the sinking of ships and the murder of the innocent a splendid tribute to the prowess of the German Navy. Their women—well, God made them in the form of our own mothers and sisters, and God forgive them for their wickedness. I have seen our Red Cross women, like ministering angels, tending the wounded and the dying enemy in our lines. There the cup of cold water, the soothing hand, the pitying smile, the kindly word of comfort, was never denied. Who would have it otherwise?

Help the Wounded and the Dying.

There is one reprisal that we shall never adopt. Let us bomb the Hun towns until the squeal which is already beginning is heard in one long, guttural howl throughout the land of the accursed. But so long as the wounded and the dying, the sick and the maimed—the innocent victims of warfare—call for succour and comfort, so long will British womanhood, bearing on its breast the Red Cross of human kindness, treat friend and foe with equal humanity. We are fighting first and foremost for the women, for the children, for the homes of England. We are confronted by the ravening beast of Europe at large. We must cut his lying throat or better in his foul head lest our fate be the fate of Russia. And when in the appointed time we have saved the world—and, above all, saved ourselves—there will come the question not only to the soldier, to the fighting man, but to the civilian, the working man: "What did you do in the great war; did you help to the utmost of your power to forge weapons for the annihilation of the Hun, to build the ship to carry the soldiers, to feed the troops, and to keep the home tables supplied?" I dare not think that there is one man among us to-day, one man who understands the sanctity of home and what we mean by the purity of women, who will not be able to answer with a clear conscience that arresting question in the years to come. If there have been incidents recently in the "shops" which have blurred the picture and jeopardised patriotism, let them be wiped out by a new resolve which will mean a quickened output, a greater productivity. I know there has been

a good deal of friction—there have been faults on both sides. Officialdom and red tape are enough at times to damp the most ardent spirits; and a lack of understanding, a want of sympathy, often play into the hands of discontent, and so work the ways of the Devil lurking like a Hun in our midst. It is needless to re-state the position in which we stand. We are at the supreme crisis of the war. On the issues of the next month or two rest the fortunes of the British Empire. Let us leave all our grievances and grumbles—yes, even complaints more deep-seated and enduring—until we have settled with the German. Time enough then to put our own house in order, and I promise you—that is the working man of Britain—that when that time comes you will find me ready, willing, anxious, determined to stand by you in the re-assertion of your rights, in securing for yourself and your family all those comforts in life, all those opportunities for advancement, to which you can make just and indisputable claim. My pledge to Tommy which is printed every week in this journal carries with it as a necessary part an equal pledge to Labour. There are to-day millions of men in the trenches who will return to the factory and the workshop, to the bench and the desk, to the plough and the office. They are Labour in its finest expression—they are labouring, at the risk every instant of death or wounds, to make the future of the great democracy of this country safer and happier. Just as we dare not desert them now by slacking in the shop or weakening in resolve, so we cannot and will not desert them in the coming days of peace. There are countless questions which concern the worker in every branch of industrial activity which have been forced into prominence by the war. But, I repeat, their solution must await the happy consummation of all our hopes and endeavours—we cannot afford to stay our hand or down tools while Labour questions are "settled." First settle the war; the rest will follow.

Come On, Japan!

Do not let us forget the deeply significant moral of that White Paper—giving the unspeakable details of German atrocities towards our wounded. I wish it could be printed and scattered throughout the length and breadth of the land. There's propaganda for you—better than all the dull speeches of unimaginative platform orators. Out of the mouths of our own gallant men—in language quiet and restrained, without exaggeration, they tell their stories, doubly appealing because of their simplicity—of the horrors and infamies, the insults and the jeers of their Calvary in Germany. We must beat Germany, or Britain—the Empire—will know no rest. The peace must be a peace forced upon this cruel foe at the bayonet's point, dictated on the blood-soaked battlefield, sealed and signed in Berlin with occupying British troops as a background for the historic ceremony. America is already helping to weight the scales against the criminals of Europe; the gallant little Japs, away in their island home, are straining to get at the foe. Months and months ago I saw the inevitable; I heralded in advance the coming of Japan into the struggle, and to-day we must welcome her with open arms into the great company of crusaders fighting on land as well as on sea for the security of the world, the safeguarding of human progress. There must be no diplomatic punctilio, no unworthy suspicion of our gallant little friends. She has been true to her Alliance with us; she has sunk all jealousy and suspicion in the performance of her part, and now she claims her right to make common cause against the foes of humanity. Come on, Japan! We welcome you, we trust you.

Tommy is Trusting You.

As I write, the guns are booming in the West. With my study window in the country open to the warm sunshine of a bright March morning, I can hear the reverberation. The combatants are indulging in that preliminary exercise of artillery that presages a new offensive. By the time these lines are in print the great and, as I sincerely believe the final, act in this world drama may have begun. Of the outcome I have no doubt, provided our soldiers—those bulwarks of Empire which to-day stand as surely between us and the foe as did England's old wooden walls in Nelson's time—are supported with the brain and sinew of those of us who stay at home. Tommy is trusting you. In God's name, don't betray that trust. I do not think you will. At any rate, that is my prayer and my faith!

FREE
Send postcard to-day
for copy of
"HOW TO BECOME A
MASTER OF ENGLISH."

TOMMY AND JACK.

OUR PLEDGE: "No case of hardship or injustice, no instance of beggarly treatment or mean chicanery, shall go unchallenged and uncorrected."—HORATIO BOTTOMLEY, 19th August, 1918.

For the War Office.

We are told that over-age soldiers, and unfit, employed in the London district served by the tubes may be granted season tickets at half rates, if the War Office applies. Come along, Whitehall!

A Plea for the Blind.

The patients of the Moorfields Hospital, City Road, London—all of them more or less blind through active service—ask us to induce entertainers to visit them, as they long for amusement. We are sure there will be a ready response to this pathetic appeal.

Tommy and Jack.

A local Order has been issued at Portsmouth, to the effect that all soldiers must leave public dancing rooms at 9.30 p.m., their brothers in blue being allowed to remain until the Rout is over. The khaki man does not blame the blue-jacket, but why should flesh be made of one and fowl of the other?

Then Shalt Not—Fall Sick.

"Notified for the information" of No. 77, Res. Labour Coy., Ripon: "All men on joining the Company, will be examined in due course by the Medical Officer, and are not to report sick unless seriously ill. Dr. Ferguson, Captain, O.C." How, without medical opinion, can a man tell whether or not distressing symptoms are the forerunners of a "serious" illness? It is folly to instruct him to ignore nature's signals of distress. We receive many letters from soldiers complaining of the harsh ways of Medical Officers. Some of them are not justified—but, unfortunately, most of them are.

A-Hunting We Will Go!

We have a complaint from the A.O.C., Red Barracks, Woolwich. The blankets presented to newcomers are full of dust—and other things that would interest the entymologist.

A Home from Home.

We are glad to hear that the Chevrons Club is already going strong. It is a fine residential club for Petty Officers of the Navy and N.C.O.s of the Army, situated in St. George's Square, near Victoria Station, London. All forms of recreation are provided, and men on leave, or passing through London, find it quite a home from home. And all are welcome.

It Seems Strange.

A year ago a mother was notified that her son was missing. On many occasions she wrote to his Depot and to the War Office, to ascertain if there was further news, and was told that nothing was known. We had our own suspicions, and advised her to communicate with the Graves Registration Authorities, at Whitehall, and on doing so she was promptly told the number and locality of her son's resting-place. Thus do they keep their books in the Service!

Scarecrow Engineers.

Seeing some Royal Engineers in Barnack, Lincolnshire, walking about dressed like scarecrows, one of them was asked the reason for his deplorable condition. He replied that when they were at Canterbury their clothing was condemned, and they have been unable to get it replaced, notwithstanding many applications. Let's hope there won't this year be much "winter in the lap of spring."

Break-Neck Speed!

This is a letter from the Ministry of Pensions: "11th February, 1918. Sir,—With reference to your letter of the 3rd October, I am directed by the Minister of Pensions to express his regret that it has not yet been possible to obtain your discharge documents from the regimental authorities, although several applications have been made for them. Steps have now been taken to expedite the matter, and when the documents come to hand no time will be lost in considering your claim to pension." Four months waiting for the regimental authorities and the pension-office to trace the matter! In the meantime, the poor soldier might have died of starvation or been driven into the workhouse.

Concession Money.

When will the Admiralty pay the concession money of 3s. 6d. a week, dating from 1st October last, allotted by men of the Royal Marines to their wives and dependents? The failure is causing much heart-burning and distress.

Whitehall's Delays.

The men of H.M.S. Shirley tell us that they have been five weeks in commission, and are now at their base. When they asked for their pay they were told they could not have it, as their papers had not come through yet. Somebody should be fired!

Honour Where Due.

Skipper T. C. Curtis, of Lowestoft, has been in command of a minesweeper since war broke out. Within a short time he witnessed disasters to five ships, and although in some cases he found himself among floating mines, he pluckily laid alongside the vessels and saved an aggregate of forty-five lives. The sailors of Lowestoft comment on the fact that he has not only received no distinction, but has never even been sent a scratch of the pen by the Admiralty thanking him for his splendid services.

BRAIN-MAGIC.

Income Increased 300 per cent.

Are you "pelmanizing"?

Have you read, or heard, or thought about the wonderful "brain-growing" method that is creating such a sensation by its almost magical results?

Everybody, from Royalty downwards, is busily "pelmanizing" and praising the system. The sooner you begin to "pelmanize" the better for your pocket and your prospects.

The first "pelmanist" I ever met was a Serbian army officer in the wilds of Macedonia. Not even the horrors of the Great Retreat had parted him from his treasured Pelman books; he had carried and studied them throughout the whole campaign.

That was months ago. Since then I have found hundreds—thousands—of "pelmanists" in the British and French armies, and it is an open secret that the officers of our smartest battleships and cruisers are enthusiastic "pelmanists." So are nearly eighty British generals and admirals as well as over 20,000 other officers and men.

Government officials, M.P.'s, peers, and tens of thousands of busy professional and business men and women, clerks, shopkeepers, etc., have also taken up with the fascinating science of "pelmanizing."

A member of the House of Lords goes so far

as to say that the Pelman System should be included in our national scheme of education; and this view is warmly endorsed by Mr. Bottomley, the editor of "John Bull." "A Pelman-trained nation would be irresistible," wrote another well-known journalist.

Most people reckon themselves well off if they can earn £1 or £2 a day, but there is one man who tells how he added £145 to his income as the result of 72 hours' work.

He became a "pelmanist." The average time for the study is about 6 hours a week—an hour each day. That means 72 hours (3 days of 24 hours) for the whole course of lessons, which, as he writes, resulted in an increase of £145 in his salary, besides other advantages.

"But what is this Pelman System and what does it do?" asks the reader. Well, it is a system which does even more for the brain than scientific physical culture does for the muscles of the body. Far more. By a series of short, simple, and delightfully fascinating exercises, the brain is drilled and developed to a marvellous extent, doubling and trebling the "pelmanist's" capabilities and his or her (for there are thousands of women "pelmanists") income. Letters are daily received at the Pelman Institute telling of 100 per cent., 200 per cent., and

even 300 per cent. increases of income resulting directly from "pelmanizing." And, these, remember, include men and women of all vocations—clerks, typists, shop assistants, artisans, merchants, managers, directors, journalists, doctors, musicians, clergymen, lawyers, authors, actors, as well as officers and men in the Army and Navy.

In fact it is clearly proved that "pelmanizing" means that in a few weeks, by practising for a few minutes daily, anyone can open up the road to Fortune, success, and even wealth and fame.

"Pelmanizing" is fully explained in an interesting book which every reader of "John Bull" should at once get and read. It is called "Mind and Memory," and can be secured gratis and post free by writing to-day to The Pelman Institute, 15, Wenham House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C.1.

Write to-day for a copy, and take "The Road to Success" (as "Truth" christened it). It will be the wisest and most profitable act of your life—a step which will lead to greater prosperity for you, as it has already done in the case of the 250,000 "pelmanists" now practising this wonderful system in all parts of the Empire, and by its aid achieving success in all the arts of "Peace and War."

I will train YOU to play brilliantly without Drudgery, Fatigue, or Failure

Learn from ordinary music and in other essentials my PIANO LESSONS BY CORRESPONDENCE are orthodox and authoritative, but so absolutely effective that with a few minutes of the usual practice study, your playing and sight-reading shall be transformed. I guarantee success to any average person. Adult beginners can start without knowing a note.



Read these recent letters from my Pupils:
A Beginner (On Active Service, after six lessons): "My progress has quite astonished some of our chaps who look years to learn by the old-fashioned methods. I can say without hesitation that any music I now pick up I can read straight off."—A. E. L., Lt. R. N. R., H. M. S. G. P. O., London.

Send a postcard to-day for my illuminating little book:—**MIND, MUSCLE, AND KEYBOARD.** Read about my System, see what hundreds, of all ages and stages, say it has done for their playing and judge for yourself what it can do for you. Give your full address (Mrs., Miss, or Mr.), and merely the word Advanced, Moderate, Elementary, or Beginner, as may best describe your case, and the book shall be gladly sent you by return of post.
Mr. H. DECKER, 81, Bristol House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.1

Freemans' READY SOUPS

A REMARKABLE LETTER on Restoration of Linen.

"The Stains disappeared as by Magic."

"After seeing your Movol advertised, I have tried it to-day, and am really amazed at the results. I had sent to me a nurse's apron almost new, but discarded on account of a big ironed-out mark. I got a 6d. tube for trial and followed the directions, and the stain disappeared as by magic.—Yours faithfully, 'G.A.A.'"



Ironmould, Rust, Fruit, Medicine Stains, etc., removed quickly.

MOVOL

In case of difficulty in obtaining send 1/2 for large trial tube to
W. EDGE & SONS, Ltd., Bolton.

This salvage of Linen can be attempted equally successfully by every one of our readers. There is no risk of injury; the finest fabric—Movol can be used on old lace, etc. Manufactured by W. Edge & Sons, Ltd., Bolton, and sold in 6d. and 1s. tubes by Ironmongers, Chemists, and Stores everywhere.

BUY YOUR OWN HOUSE

We will show you how to purchase it for less than you are now paying in rent.

Booklet FREE from R.G.L.J.B.

CITY LIFE ASSURANCE CO. LTD., 6 PAUL ST. LONDON E.C.

FREE COPY AWAITS YOU!

25/- You will be delighted with the amazing value in every page of H. Samuel's big FREE BOOK OF 3,000 BARGAINS. It's crowded with beautiful Jewellery, Watches, Plate, etc., at next to Factory Prices that save you pounds. Write for your copy NOW!

H. SAMUEL, 199, Market St. Manchester.

Write before it is too late for my catalogue. Free. Posters, Humbers, Posters, etc. Grand catalogue from 17 to 21, each number price 2/6. H. SAMUEL, LTD., (Ltd.), The Great Cycle Dealer, COVENTRY.

COMPANY MEETINGS.

NO PROFITEERING.

BOVRIL STILL AT PRE-WAR PRICES.

Presiding at the general meeting of Bovril Ltd., Mr. George Lawson Johnson (Chairman) pointed out that while the Board of Trade returns showed a long list of rises of 100 per cent or more in the cost of food, the price of Bovril has not been increased. "I believe," he said, "that Bovril is the only national standard food that is sold at the same price in February, 1918, as it was in July, 1914. I know we lay ourselves open to the reproach of the shareholder, who may say that this is not a philanthropic institution, but a commercial undertaking which should try to secure the biggest possible immediate profits. There is no ground for would sooner be attacked upon than that of not having raised the price of a standard article of dietary during this time of food hardship, especially meat-food hardship. What better goodwill can we have in years to come than for the public to remember and say, 'Bovril had its opportunity, but did not profiteer.'"

Mr. James Orlinton Browne, M.D., F.R.S., congratulated the shareholders on the very encouraging fact that while the percentage of profit had been reduced, the sales of Bovril, even excluding the Red Cross orders and Government contracts, showed a very large increase over those of any previous year. "I would like," he said, "to emphasise the fact that Bovril is and must be of greatly enhanced utility at this juncture, by supplying to our people, in a concentrated form, that protein which is indispensable to the nourishment and repair of the body. It is protein that is wanted by the active brain. A man may consume enough carbohydrates, as they are called—starch, fat and sugar (if he can get it)—to keep him in sound physical health and up to weight, but if he goes short of protein his mental vigour will suffer. A sufficiency of protein must be taken if the brain is to do its best. It quickens the will and imparts power and energy. I do not mean to suggest that an abundance of Bovril will convert a fool into a philosopher, but I believe that it assists a man to do his best, gives a fillip to his intelligence, and steadies the nerves and emotions. The excitement of the war treads us going, but when the war is over reaction and exhaustion will come—the period of deferred nervous breakdown, it may be called. During that period and the long period of reconstruction through which we must pass, Bovril will, I am sure, prove a friend in need, as it undoubtedly has done during the war."

SELFRIDGE & CO., LTD.

The tenth ordinary general meeting was held on Feb. 28th. Mr. H. Gordon Selfridge, who presided, said that business had increased its returns this year by considerably more than £600,000, but the Gross Profit per cent. is the smallest in our history. With all the increase of business our Net Profit shows but £33,000 more than the year before. Last year we carried forward £127,134 15s. 9d. This year our profits amount to £38,764 4s. 11d. The total of these two is £385,957 10s. 8d. We must charge against this certain sums, as follows:—Debitum Interest, £17,931 10s.; Preference Dividend, £42,000; depreciated original site by £20,000; and the Buildings by £10,000; and Furniture, etc., £10,000; and the Investment, £10,000; allow income tax on Prof. Share, £10,000; reserve for Excess Profits Duty, £75,000; and propose a 7 per cent. Dividend on Ordinary Shares, £35,000. These sums total £250,432 10s., which, when taken from the above amount of £385,957 10s. 8d., leaves for carrying forward £135,524 15s. 8d.—a very fair balance. In this, the fourth year of the war, it is difficult to do business, but it is surely a time when great Houses may prove their strength to the State. We wish this business to be not only a successful commercial undertaking, but also a great public institution. The report was unanimously adopted.

THE WRIGHT HIGGINS SYSTEM OF PIANO LESSONS BY CORRESPONDENCE

FOR BEGINNERS, MODERATE, ELEMENTARY, AND ADVANCED PLAYERS.

PARTICULARS SENT ON REQUEST OF POST CARD SHOWING YOU HOW YOU MAY BECOME A BRILLIANT PIANIST WRITE AT ONCE

Are You Satisfied with Your Piano Playing?

If not, and you would like to become a Brilliant Pianist, a Good Accompanist and Sight Reader, write for particulars of the

Wright-Higgins' System of Piano Lessons by Correspondence.

My System will undoubtedly save you enormous amount of Drudgery, Disappointment and Fatigue, and while doubling your efficiency will at least halve the time necessary for you to spend at the piano. You will make more progress in a few months' study under my System than you can possibly hope to make in as many years' study under old-fashioned methods. Write for my little book entitled "TRAINING versus TEACHING." Therein you will find an exposition of the principles which underlie my method of tuition; it will also give you full particulars of my System and the fee I charge. Please give full address (Mr., Mrs., or Miss).

R. WRIGHT-HIGGINS,

F.R.C.O., L.Mus. T.C.L., ACADEMY OF MUSIC

(Correspondence Dept. R), 167, Archway Road, Highgate, N.8.

"John Bull's" Letter Bag.

[The EDITOR replies to, and chats with, some of his numerous correspondents.]

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL CERTIFICATES, TESTIMONIALS, ETC., as they are liable to be lost. Copies only should be forwarded in the first instance.

LETTERS must be addressed to the Editor or Publisher, 93, Long Acre, W.C. 2, according to whether they relate to Editorial or Publishing matters. FINANCIAL, INSURANCE, LEGAL, and SPORTING inquiries should be addressed to the Financial, Insurance, Legal or Sporting Editor, and except in the case of the last named, must each be accompanied by a postal order for one shilling. Full names and addresses should be given.

W. J. C. (Norwood).—If we acceded to all the suggestions of our readers for reprinting our articles, there would be no room for them on the bookstalls.

G. H. (Beeston).—So you think that in our previous incarnation we lived in the Elizabethan era as "Bottom" of the *Midsummer Night's Dream*. What about *Horatio* and *Hamlet*?

P. B. (Southborough).—Congratulations upon your Government appointment. First we've heard of it, but thank all the same.

B. H. B. (Aldershot) suggests that there should be yet another change in the title of our editorial notes—this time "The World, the Flesh and the Sky, sir." Whatever can be in his mind?

B. B. (Sheffield).—Hindenburg has announced that by April 1st he will be in Paris. He was merely making a fool in advance of the Hun editor to whom he made the statement.

J. H. B. (Trentliam).—We would not go so far as to say that Grey, Asquith, and the rest of the Old Radical Gang caused the war but no student of European politics can deny that, by their tinuous optimism and belief in the good intentions of the Bloody Butcher of Berlin, they permitted it.

"Bro. Bro."—The complete destruction of Berlin would "facilitate a victorious ending of the present war, on behalf of the Allies," provided the Kaiser and Hindenburg were amongst the debris.

"ANTI-GERMAN" (Stroud Green, N.).—The best Anti-German league to join at present is the British Army.

S. M. R. (Malabar, Ind.).—Is it not time some gag were put on Mr. and Mrs. Philip Snowden? Better if they were sent to Germany and compelled to stay there.

Mrs. S. D. (Harehills).—"I expect there must have been something loving about Kaiser or his wife would not have given him such a very nice family." A nice little lot for the penitentiary or a criminal lunatic asylum.

C. E. (Plaistow).—"What do you think of this boulder, Rev. Mr. Feet, insulting soldiers? I have been watching some weeks to see your comments." Then you were very careless to miss what we said in our issue dated February 16th.

Mrs. H. (R.I.F.).—Instead of nationally important work going to German prisoners, it should be given to unit soldiers at present picking up paper with a pin on a pole.

M. E. V. (Hull).—We've never pretended that every man in the British Army is a hero and a saint. Khaki covers a multitude of skins.

E. E. T. (Tillingham).—"Can we help in rebuilding your place? We can replace the building, but you we cannot spare." We are deeply touched by such genuine sympathy, shared by so many readers.

"TOMMY ARKIN'S CHUM."—"But I got up in arms reading about the Engineers. Why, the darling of my heart is an Engineer, wounded three times." We didn't mean that kind of Engineer, dear—the fighting kind—but the other sort. May you soon be up in arms again—those of the darling of your heart.

W. A. P. (Newbury Camp).—"We consider you as a big father to all of us." We've more sons than we can count, bless them; and every one is Jack or Tommy.

W. P. (Long Eaton).—"Now, this at times we differ, we don't want you to pull, there's not another paper like our dear old John Bull." And we get our rag out every week.

S. A. W. (Leeds).—"You are an 'old woman, wife of a farm labourer,' and we gather you are sending us a parcel of children's garments made by yourself—because 'every little helps.' Bless you, mother, and so will the children who get that parcel.

A. G. (Plymouth).—"Will you please tell me which is really the beginning of a river?" A drop of rain.

H. B. (Leeds).—Do not be unjust to the Marlborough Street Magistrate. After sentencing the octogenarian to one day's imprisonment, and saying that in consequence he would lose his Old Age Pension, the Magistrate pointed out that the old man would receive more money in Outdoor Relief, and would therefore be better off.

G. H. S. (Mildenhall).—Most interested to read how your gallant son recaptured his copy of John Bull stolen from his pocket by a thieving native of Alexandria.

Mrs. H. (Sutton).—The Yorkshire farmer who told the soldiers working on his land that they were not to smoke, drink, or sing must be some wretched curmudgeon who is only happy when he sees other people miserable. You would find it more cheerful with the boys at the Front than serving such a ghastly kill-joy.

A. H. H. (Holloway).—"Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do," may have been justly pleaded on behalf of the Jewish rabble of old, but their ignorance cannot excuse the "Kultured" Hun who have made a hell of earth. We congratulate you on your vigor and lucidity at 79.

M. D. S. (Lewes).—"Can you throw any light on these Red Cross Chain Prayer postcards?" We used to throw them to the light—on the fire. Now we save them in sacks for the waste-paper man.

"MARY" (Dulwich) wants to know why there are no women on the Public Kitchen Control Committee. Probably because kitchens are things they know something about.

"W. A. A. C." (Broomfield Camp, Staffs.) complains that several girls of the W.A.A.C. are "treated like dirt as they pass down the street." They should treat the treatment with the contempt it deserves.

Mrs. M. (Bournemouth) informs us that a Mrs. Hope Hall, of 23, Westcliffe Road, Bournemouth, with six servants for two in family, is advertising for another servant. The lady must be an entertaining person.

E. P. (New Cross).—The Registrar is under obligation to ask for a dead man's sugar card immediately he is notified of the death.

M. P. (Hove).—"See above. Not only is the Registrar's manner somewhat objectionable, but there are cases where he has refused, or threatened to refuse, the certificate at the sight of the man's name."

YOUR LAST CHANCE

FIRST PRIZE £1000

'BULLETS' EASTER OFFER!

2ND. PRIZE £100

3RD. PRIZE £50

10
PRIZES OF
£5

10
PRIZES OF
£2:10/-

100
PRIZES OF
10/-

1,000
PRIZES OF
5/-

2,000
PRIZES OF
2/6

7,000
SPECIAL
'TARGET'
PRIZES

1ST PRIZE ONE THOUSAND POUNDS

Your Last Chance!

Closing Date, Thursday, March 14th.

Example

Bullet

Example

Bullet

(276) P.O. No.

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.

If 4 coupons are used P.O. for ed. must be sent.

Signed

Address

ENVELOPES SHOULD BE MARKED "BULLETS" No. 276, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE LONDON, W.C.2

Closing Date, Thursday, March 14th.

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Bullet

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Address

BULLETS RULES. 1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges, is the best "bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the best being determined by aptness and originality. The right to divide a prize amongst two or more competitors is reserved.
2. Entries must be clearly written on one of the coupons, and only one example of each must be sent.
3. All four coupons may be used, but each must be accompanied by a

postal order for ed. made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed and Co.

Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Competitors sending more than one coupon may enclose one postal order for the full amount covering the number of their coupons. Coupons must not be enclosed in any envelope.

4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned to their respective senders.

5. The Editor undertakes that every "bullet" received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition shall be accepted as final and binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an essential condition of entry.

LIST OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 276.

GERMANY'S GANE
WHEN FISH STAMPS
HINDENBURG'S OLYMPIA
IN RUSSIA
NO PEACE UNTIL
ALL HIGHEST
GLAMING THE CUSTOMER
GENERAL ALLENEY
FINDING THE OUT
AFTER A HEAL
MOTHER'S BAR
TAKING YOUNG MAN
GOOD CHIEF
MY HEAT CARD

CONVINCED OVER
A GOD'S LIFE
GETTING USED TO AT
MIGHT OF FATHER
GERMAN WAITERS
UP IN ARMS
GETTING THE BULLET
BY HIS WIFE
MOST UNEXPECTED
WHAT MARRIAGE MEANS
HAND TO PLEASE
MAN IN POSITION
WAITING FOR FOOD
HUNTING TOMMY

ONE THOUSAND POUNDS
FINDING THE
GERMANS TO TUMBLE
DEVELOPING THE WIFE
THUNDEROUSLY
SLAMMED THE FLAPPER
BANNED MAN
WANTED A MISS
BEST TIMES WHEN
SWEET GIRL
WHEN RETURNING
CAME TO HOME
MOST DIFFICULT TO
FINDING THE KATZEN

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS"

First choose any of the forty-two examples given above. Then give TWO, THREE or FOUR words having some bearing on the example chosen. Any ONE of the words selected must begin with ANY letter in the example chosen. The other words selected can begin with any letter in the alphabet. These examples will guide you: Example—Most Difficult To. Bullet—Convince Wife Next Morning. Example—German Waiters. Bullet—Up Arms Navy. Competitors may send in two BULLETS on one coupon for simplicity. If more coupons are used, an entry fee at the rate of 6d. for each coupon must be sent. Result of this Competition will be found in our issue dated March 30th. This week's "Bullets" Coupons will also be found in EVERYWOMAN's dated March 9th.

RESULT OF 274th "BULLETS" COMPETITION.

FIRST PRIZE OF £250:

Mrs. J. DINE,
12, Kent Street, Liverpool.

Example:—CRYING BRAM.

Bullet:—"LOADS" OF SHIRTS MISMANAGED.

(Sent in on a Free "Target" Prize Coupon.)

SECOND PRIZE OF £25:

Mr. CHAS. E. SMITH,
31, Lewton Avenue,
Moston, Manchester.

Example:—GERMAN BOASTS.

Bullet:—"TAKE VERDUN," FOR INSTANCE.

THIRD PRIZE OF £10:

Mrs. WILLIAMS,
698, Manchester Road,
Baxenden, Accrington.

Example:—THE ONLY WAY.

Bullet:—FOR DOUBTFUL ALIENS—GANGWAY.

TEN PRIZES OF £5 EACH:

Mrs. E. KNIGHT, 30, Wiltshire Rd., Brighton, S.W.1.

On THE LAND—NOT "LAPPING GRASS GROW."

Mr. C. F. BURTON, 4, Victory Lane, Chichester, S.W.1.

Waiting—Companion TRAIL "OBTAINS" TODAY.

Sgt. HERBERT, 1217, Welsh Guards, Regent, W.1.

When HINDENBURG ATTACKS—MIGHTY LOT "Too Dramatic."

Mr. H. JONES, 1, Argyle Street, Swansea.

Swiss To Give "EM—PACIFIC FURY COLONIES APPARENTLY.

Mr. F. E. BEVITT, 60, Matthews and Yates, Swinton, Lancs.

When HINDENBURG ATTACKS—FOUR'S "FLANK" ISN'T TURNED.

Mrs. E. PATTERSON, 12, Queensberry Road, Rothery, N.B.1.

Is DOUBLE HARKNESS—AUSWATS WHEN WAIT CUTTER.

Mr. C. WARDWORTH, "Walden," Western Road, Littlehampton.

Doing WELL—INVALID, WITHOUT GERMAN SPAN.

Mr. A. CONWAY, 44, Sutton Quay Road, Plaiton, E.1.

THE ONLY WAY—NEUTRALIS EVIDENTLY CONSIDER "MOTER."

Mr. W. EVANS, 12, Glinda Road, Stamford Hill, London, N.1.

SUNDAY'S DINNER—EXPLAINS "HOWARD" AFTER "BRIGHTONERS."

Mr. D. R. JOHNSON, 143, St. Leonard Street, Sunderland.

SMALL JOINT—MAY WIT "BIG SPARE."

10 PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH:

Mr. A. KNIGHT, 30, Wiltshire Rd., Brighton, S.W.1.

Four SUBSTITUTES—AMERICA LOST, FOR RUSSIA.

Mr. W. TAYLOR, 2, Mountjoy Street, Everton, Liverpool.

Doing WELL—FURY OF ACCIDENT "RECOVER."

Mrs. D. DOUGLAS DICKIN, 2, Rindwood Terrace, Dundee.

Four SUBSTITUTES—FURY OF ACCIDENT "RECOVER."

(Sent in on a Free "Target" Prize Coupon.)

Mrs. L. E. HARRIS, Alderley, Queen's Co., Ireland.

Good BUSINESS—EVERYBODY DORIS'S "DECLARE WAR."

Mr. E. BROWN, 24, Ashley Street, Collier, Cumberland.

Family PRICES—GERMANY'S "BURSTING HATCHET."

Mr. G. LYONS, 12, Rindwood, H.Q. Section, R.E.F., France.

Four SUBSTITUTES—THE FRODORE HANDED IS.

Mr. E. ELLIOTT, Watlington Gardens, Ballin, Ireland.

SHOOTING IT OFF—RUSSIA—WE'RE "STICKING IS."

Mr. H. PARR, 3, St. Louis, Ballin, Ireland.

Swiss To Give "EM—PACIFIC FURY COLONIES APPARENTLY.

Mr. C. REED, 12, King St., Hemmingsworth, Wetherby, Yorkshire.

When HINDENBURG ATTACKS—WILLIS "FOLLOWERS WITH BARTHOLOMEW."

Mr. J. G. STANTON, 76, Nile Street, Shrewsbury.

SCOOT AND SHARP—BOOM WHEN "BARTHOLOMEW."

List of 100. Prize-winners in "Bullets" Competition No. 276 will be published in next week's "Everywoman's Journal." Competitors of all ranks and ages Prize-winners can be seen at the Office of "John Bull."

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT Cigarettes

10 for 4^d 20 for 8^d

(MEDIUM STRENGTH)

ALSO PACKED IN CARB
BOXES OF 50 AND 100



These Cigarettes are
also supplied at DUTY
FREE RATES for the
purpose of gratuitous
distribution to wounded
Soldiers and Sailors
in Hospital.

From "The Times" March 25th 1914

Terms and particulars
on application to—

JOHN PLAYER & SONS, Nottingham

Branch of the Imperial Tobacco Co. (Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd.



Do you know

what Hall's Wine will do for you?

Its great value in times like the present
is proved by testimonials from doctors,
nurses, and patients everywhere.

"I had the night-work on a small steamer," writes a
patient, "and I was under the doctor owing to break-
down. On returning to work I was advised to take
Hall's Wine, and now feel much brighter and
stronger. It puts new life into me."

(Original letter on file)

Hall's Wine

The Supreme Restorative

By enriching the blood and feeding the starved
nerve cells Hall's Wine gives the help
required, and it benefits from the first dose.

Extra Large Size, 4/6. Smaller Size, 2/6.

At all Wine Merchants, Grocers & Chemists with Wine Licences.
SHEPHERD SMITH & CO., LTD., Bow, London, E. 3.

"WAVCURL" PROMOTES CURLY HAIR

Have you ever thought how much ahead of Curly Hair would improve
your appearance? "Wavcurl" creates beautiful permanent curls. One
testimonial says: "My hair was once a mass of wavy curls. For either Ladies or
Gentlemen, as the case may be, this is what you have been looking for for
years. Guaranteed permanent. Price 2/6 per packet, post free. One
packet will last for 12 weeks. Send 1/6 for 25 packets. Write for 2/6.

THE NEW WAVCURL CO.

25, NEWBURY ROAD, LONDON, W.C.1.

Aches and Pains

Pain is Nature's danger signal,
showing there is something
wrong in the system. Obviously,
therefore, to permanently re-
move pain, you must remove
the cause. That exactly de-
scribes the action of Chameleon
Oil. No need to rub hard,
gently does it. Chameleon
Oil does more than deaden
the aching. It finds and re-
moves the cause. Hence its
extraordinary success. In
thousands of homes, the moment
anyone feels pain, the advice
is immediately given, "Use
Chameleon Oil, and quickly
end your trouble." Send a
bottle to your soldier friend.



relieves and
cures rheumatism,
Sciatica, Lumbago,
Sprains, Strains, and
Aches. Of Boils

Cash Chemists, and all chemists
and stores, 1s. 6d. and 3s., or post
free 1s. 6d. and 3s. from Castle
Laboratory, London, N.W.1.

All horse, dog and cattle owners
should use Veterinary Chameleon
Oil (price 2s. and 1s. 6d.), which
locates and cures lameness and
disease. No other known preparation
will do this.

WHY LOOK OLD. GREY HAIR

RESTORED IN 3 WEEKS.

DANDRUFF cured in 7 DAYS.

A Guaranteed Remedy, Without
Dyeing.—The effect is natural; hair
gradually becomes its natural shade
until the true colour of youthfulness
is attained. The shade remains so; and
keeps the same year after year. To
prove its worth, a trial treatment and
particulars, with a cake of medicated
soap to prevent greyness, sent privately
for 3d. postage. P. LIND, Chemist,
354, Clyde House, 12a, Oxford Street,
London, W. 1.

TEST IT FREE!

COOK GENERAL wanted, age 40-45
for Sutton, Surrey, 5 in family and
nurse. Wages £40 per annum. Send
references to L. 1/6 Advertisement
Manager, "John Bull," 93, Long Acre,
London, W.C. 2.

"JOHN BULL'S" GREAT FREE WAR INSURANCE.

We are giving absolutely FREE OF CHARGE, an Insurance against ZEPPELIN and all other AIR RAIDS,
BOMBARDMENT, INVASION, REBELLION or BLOCKADE. Anyone can be insured, irrespective of sex or age,
but a separate coupon must be filled in for each person. Remember, the Ordinary Fire and Accident Policies
afford no protection whatever against war risks.

The full conditions governing this scheme will appear in John Bull from time to time.

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In respect of any registered resident (man,
woman or child) who, whilst on land and
in the British Isles, is killed or dies
within 30 days of receiving injury from
any of the events named.

£200

For the loss of two limbs or both eyes, or
one eye and a limb.

£200

For the loss of one limb or one eye.

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For week for total temporary disablement
for period not exceeding 13 weeks.

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Should the insured, or his family, become directly
disabled (whether by private residence or
residence in connection with a ship or
other conveyance) by any of the events
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£350

Loss of one quarter's rent, during rebuilding
of damaged house, up to

£25

Medical fees for injuries not proving fatal,
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following his or her normal employment for
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TO BE RETAINED BY NEWSAGENTS

To:

Please deliver John Bull to me regularly until further
notice.

Signed:

Address:

Mar. 17th, 1915.

You must also fill in the Registration Form, which
will be found next to this, and post it to John Bull
Insurance Dept., 93, Long Acre, London, W.C. 2, where
your name and the name of your nominee will be duly
recorded.

Enclose 1/- stamp in an acknowledgment of
receipt of coupon is desired

REGISTRATION FORM

Which must be posted to—
THE INSURANCE DEPT., JOHN BULL, Long Acre, W.C. 2.
This is to certify that I have this day placed an order for
the regular weekly supply of John Bull with

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for purifying, sweetening, deo-
dorizing and disinfecting the
home and its contents

"MILTON" inaugurates a
new era in hygienics, dispelling
like magic all the enemies of
health and purity and making
the home sweet and pure
as the open air of the country
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"MILTON" keeps the pantry sweet

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"MILTON" sweetens sinks and lavatories

"MILTON" is non-poisonous and harmless

1/- and 2/- per bottle.

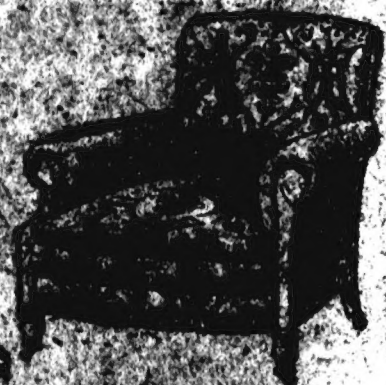
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10% Discount for Cash
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Make her a home.



An exceptionally comfortable Easy Chair, with spring, sumptuously upholstered and covered in art tapestry, a customer's choice. An exceptional bargain.

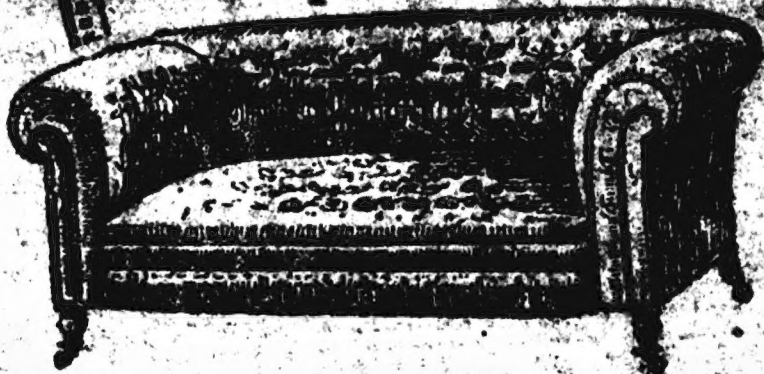
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The home she has set her heart on—a beautiful home of her very own. Come to the "Midland" and make your choice to-day. She will be delighted with the beautiful furniture. You, as a business man, will appreciate the unrivalled value, the plainly-marked prices, the Ideal Terms.

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At the "Midland" you get \$100,000 worth of splendidly-made furniture to select from. You get 210 per cent. discount for cash; and if you prefer to furnish out of income, under the Ideal Terms, you can get free Life, Fire and Air-Raid Insurance. You can choose of your leisure and pay as your convenience, without being obliged to make any large outlay.

10% Discount
for Cash and
War Loan
Scrip



Well-upholstered Chesterfield Settee, with or without drop ends, as desired. Thoroughly well sprung and covered with various shades of art tapestry. £8 18s. 6d.

Ideal Terms

(Town or Country)

Worth.	Per Month.	Worth.	Per Month.
\$10 -	£5 5 6	\$50 -	£1 7 6
\$20 -	0 11 0	\$100 -	2 18 0
\$30 -	0 16 6	\$200 -	5 10 0
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